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is termed, of the great Munich School of Art, which at that time numbered the renowned Wilhelm von Kaulbach among its directors. He remained in Munich three years and a half, and devoted his time seriously to the study of Art, and his assiduity early attracted the attention of Kaulbach, who showed the interest he took in the struggling student by recommending him as a teacher of drawing, and introduced him into many of the best families in Munich.

While in Munich he made several cartoon compositions, one of which was drawn from Roman history in the first year of the republic, and portrayed the scene in which the young Roman Mutius Scævola burned off his right hand in the presence of Porsenna, King of the Etruscans. This composition was greatly praised by Kaulbach, who not only recognised the careful technical execution of the work, but also the genius by which it was inspired. Mr. Wilmarth remained in Munich until the autumn of 1862, when he returned home. Up to this time he had devoted himself entirely to the study of drawing. In 1864 he again went abroad and settled in Paris. On his arrival in Paris he entered the Atelier Gérôme, École des Beaux Arts. While there under the direction of Gérôme, he devoted his attention to the study of colour, and painted several important compositions, which he sent home for exhibition at the National Academy of Design.

The most important of Mr. Wilmarth's early works painted in Paris were: 'Sparkling in the Olden Time;' 'Playing Two Games at One Time;' 'Little Pitchers have Big Ears;' and 'The Last Hours of Captain Nathan Hale.' He returned home in 1867, and settled in New York. In the following year Mr. Wilmarth assumed the charge of the schools of the Brooklyn Academy of Design,

and raised them to a high standard of efficiency, and in 1870 was appointed Professor of the Free Schools of Design of the National Academy, a position which he filled with honour to himself and the institution until last spring. In the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1871, he sent an important portrait-group under the title of 'An Afternoon at Home,' and its merit caused his election as an Associate of the institution. Two years later he contributed a fine composition, entitled 'Guess what I've brought You,' which showed a boy standing in front of a lady and little girl, holding a caged squirrel behind his back. The picture was greatly admired, and at the annual election following the opening of the exhibition he was made an Academician.

Mr. Wilmarth is one of the most painstaking artists belonging to the National Academy. His historical pictures show deep thought and study in their composition, and every detail is worked out with conscientious care. His subjects relating to every-day life are generally invested with a pleasing fancy, and their story is always plainly expressed. His style of colouring is brilliant, and in his manner of manipulation his pictures are suggestive of the French school in which he was educated, but this suggestion in no wise impairs their individuality. As an example of Mr. Wilmarth's work, we engrave a cabinet picture entitled 'Ingratitude.' The subject was drawn in a disused furnace-room connected with a workshop. It is noontime, and one of the workmen, before partaking of his luncheon, is preparing a more comfortable bed for a litter of pups which he has found under the furnace-grate, and, while performing this benevolent act, the ungrateful mother is stealing his dinner. The picture was in the late exhibition of the National Academy of Design, where it attracted much attention.

EXHIBITION OF COROT'S WORKS AT PARIS.

FRANCE has recently paid Corot the crowning honour of an exhibition of his works in the grand hall of her *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, the *Melpomene*. A selection of his canvases, some two hundred in number, occupied the wall where Baudry's masterpieces for the embellishment of the new Opera-House won their unanticipated triumph. They assuredly vindicated their pride of place, and lent effective force to the evidence that the present French school of landscape emulates the repute of Claude and Poussin. The contrast of subjects in this, let us say, great illustrative volume, was strikingly remarkable, and they were pretty evenly balanced.

All of Corot's pictures, whatever be their mood, are more or less impregnated with a spirit of poetry. This may be exemplified in two singularly dissimilar pictures—that of 'Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane,' wherein a wild central vale is overshadowed by lateral trees of loftiest grandeur; and the 'View of Rochelle,' in which intensest sunlight clothes every object with the brilliance of snowiest marble, except where gentle blue from the sky throws its reflex on the river. In the higher vein, and on his larger upright canvases, there were here several subjects on which he had concentrated all his fondest inspiration. Thus the 'Venus,' sleeping beneath the grand forms of forest-shade, with a discreet gleam of moonlight flashing from above. So also his 'Orpheus,' solitary in a vast wilderness upon which evening is deeply descending. Again, a dark forest-scene, in which the foreground is occupied by most graceful forms of nymphs, lighting up the gloom by their wild fantastic dance. And here it may be remarked that throughout all his compositions where figures are introduced, it is not accomplished by rigid exacting outline, but by breadth of light and shade, laid on with blandest, most subtly discriminative and truest effect of *rilievo*. He is not in everything else less the master; and the remark applies also to the aerial treatment of his subjects. This is given at times with singular force and purity, and with all the brilliance of the nicest perspective of clear colour, in which the lacelike frills of his leaves seem to float and flutter. At times he

envelopes his glens and glades in a delicate shimmer of vapour, reminding one of Byron's landscape touch—

"There seems a floating whisper on the hill."

In his minor cabinet-works Corot is as brilliant as he is impressive in his more sombre grandeur. He was fond of cattle, and introduced them with facile characteristics. But throughout all the phases of his creative pencil there are subtleties of feeling—revelations of the mysterious—imitative genius—which might have been observed, at the opening of this exhibition, to arrest the deep study and fervently-admiring analysis of his professional brethren. Among the variously-contrasted paintings which rendered this collection so extremely interesting, we noticed more than one that reminded us strongly of some of the lovely creations of him who may be classed with the most purely poetic artists of the British school—F. Danby, A.R.A. To a 'Lake Nemi—Sunset,' this especially applies, with its prevalent golden tints, so full of glowing sweetness, so wondrous in its infinite variation of touch and tone. Among the few subjects peculiarly of the figure-class brought forward on this occasion was one of such felicitous force of treatment as to invite the conclusion that had Corot not been so devoted to landscape, he might have taken a high place in the more dramatic corps of the profession. This represents a young girl seated in an *atelier*, alone, and turned from the spectator, studying in rapt contemplation a canvas which she holds before her: her mandoline seems to have been just resigned and placed beside her chair. This, for pervading power in expression, drawing, and forceful harmony of glowing tints, is perfectly Dutch—in the best sense of the encomium.

Upon the whole, this exhibition—well selected as it was—established the fact, *ex cathedra*, that France has added one name more to her catalogue of masters—one not to found that pitiable *faiblesse*, a school, but to present a model to stimulate originality in the captivating toil which commands success.